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MONGONGO DRUPE*

by *Thylas Moss (Dream Baby)*

I dress for a walk, pull out my “Black Girls Rock” t-shirt for that. A short black pencil skirt—cotton blended with latex— size ex-small (really hugs my figure, that Jesús has seen, but he hugs it better, much better than the skirt), black sheer pantyhose (I’m already thinking about his removing them), rainbow socks, black shoes that Jesús likes. Slight heel.

Jesús wears jeans, black, sneakers, also black. That morning he borrows one of my scrunchies for his ponytail—black scrunchie, and uses my Mongongo oil on his hair, hair that I’ve enjoyed playing with so much—I like the silkiness of it—mine is silky too, but has more density, Indian hair. Seems to me that he likes it, his playing with it says so, and that silk pillowcase has made a significant difference—no rollers at all. Just a touch (few spritzes) of Mongongo oil (by Ouidad) and brush, brush, brush—hair below my shoulders, nearly midway down my back, cage for my head.

Jesús seems to really like the word “Mongongo”—says it several times, sings it.

I like very much when he does that, his own way of druping—I’m not the only one who drupes in this connection.

He wears an olive green vest, long-sleeved shirt. He looks cool. I don’t really care what he wears—as long as he likes it, as long as he thinks that I’ll like it too—after all, he is dressing for me, just as I’m dressing for him. I decided what to bring based on how I thought he would react, and I’m assuming something similar in his decisions—never did I imagine that I was the only one thinking of my partner’s decisions in how he, how I would be seen. I assumed that he was thinking similarly, in hoping that he would be physically attractive to me.

But now, brunch at River Roast. We walk there, not far from the Mandarin Moon.

Live blues—Toronzo Cannon.

We sit outside, next to each other.

I look deeply into his blue eyes . . . He sings to me, and I sing to him . . .

Sun comes out behind me, the Chicago River, and there’s blue now to match his eyes. I never had a thing for “blue eyes” until I saw Jesús—wouldn’t matter except that his eyes are blue: Sky-Blue Jesús—perfect setting: music and food, water, Jesús, and Dream Baby—together . . .

Weather is perfect!

He orders shrimp and grits. One plate. I don’t need an entire separate order. Jesús has to get used to how little I eat and still feel full (but I can eat a lot of him). Tastes good, Jesús—of course, I also really like the shrimp.

* “Mongongo Drupe” is a chapter of “Once upon a Sky-Blue Tine,” a fairy tale about sex after sixty, poetry, and salvation.

Jesús, of course, eats more than me. He's a big guy!—and he can easily lift me!—can't explain how exciting it is, to be lifted up and have his hands all over me, all under whatever, if anything, I'm wearing, then land on the bed perfectly, so that he can do more work on me, that dildo named Jesús, and just his hands, his cock—which I prefer to the toys and tools, but that's not the point. It's that airborne, for a minute, sex! I love sliding down his body up against his hardness. Seems he must have practiced to have these acrobatics work out so perfectly . . .

Guess we're just ideal sexual partners. Guess I am a Dream Baby. Guess he is Jesús, provider of miracles, such as the miraculous sex.

We both have some coffee. He remembers how much I like chocolate, and I order "Fat Elvis" for dessert (Jesús himself has been better dessert for me). River Roast's Fat Elvis is just okay. Wouldn't order it again from there. We dance a little bit to the music of the band—wish we could also go dancing . . . but we've danced in other ways.

Next time.

Next time.

Next time.

We walk and walk, go to The Chicago Institute of Art.

My feet hurt in those shoes I've worn for him—even on the plane, so that I would not have to pack too much, wanted to avoid checking my bag. Jesús had to check his bag to bring his gifts to me, wouldn't have been allowed in his carry-on bag, those sex toys—he couldn't believe that I'd never had any, but he fixed that oh so well—felt strange to use a sex toy—I'm just not experienced with that—although I'm sixty . . .

So Jesús has me take off my shoes, and he points out the best pavement for me to walk on and protect my delicate feet. He even carries me on his back for a while, but as my skirt is so short—the way he likes it, the way I like for Jesús to like it—being on his back raises the skirt too high, and what was short becomes obscene, but I do like him carrying me.

What a spectacle this must have been!

I do okay walking until we arrive at a shoe store, and I acquire a pair of Vans and some socks. Put my black shoes in the bag, and carry them back to the Mandarin Moon after we walk by Navy Pier, see the Ferris Wheel, but the line is much too long, so we have to bypass it—would have been wonderful to ride the Ferris Wheel with Jesús . . .

Glad that he was willing.

We hold hands through all of this. Walking so, so close! Allowing our picture to be taken by strangers happy to see this old couple on a date!—strangers young enough to be our children, maybe even our grandchildren . . .

I'm enjoying all of this!

Of course we kiss some more!—every chance we get!

Finally back at the Mandarin Moon.

Kiss, kiss, kiss, undress me—Jesús likes this . . . Shower for dinner . . . a most special dinner.



Jesús made reservations through the concierge.
I lay my Cushnie et Ochs cut out jersey dress
(as in this picture):

on the bed. I get the shoes out—they're in the picture
also. I get out a special pair of pantyhose (just for
Jesús—scandalous pantyhose, no crotch), special
bra—just to go with this dress that is to make Jesús
weep when he puts it on me!

Last dinner with him. Last supper.

My makeup is waiting for me to apply it . . . I
have to look my best for Jesús!

Jesús dresses me. He likes this a lot.

He fastens my bra.

He puts the special panties on me.

He gives me a little spank.

He's breathing hard, just as I hoped he would.

We kiss and kiss and kiss. We have to be close to kiss like this!—and once we're that
close, certain things become inevitable.

—so yes, we do make love!—we do have sex again . . . losing count of how many
times! —how could we not? —lifetime in a weekend, and we give in to feelings released,
feelings kindled —we are teenagers!

Shower again. This time, get dressed completely, with the help of Jesús, that frisky—just
as he said he is—man!

I apply my make up—he likes that too —seems I don't have any on! —not supposed
to be conspicuous, but my face is even smoother. Nails, finger and toe, match the lip gloss
which matches the blush.

Jesús brushes my hair.

Jesús fastens my ankle straps. From where he is on the floor, he has an invitation to look
under the dress he's just put on me—there's nothing to hide! —he can see everything, and
everything he sees is his. Purpose of this trip was so that I could wear this for him!—special
dress just for him!—were it not for optic neuritis in my left eye, I would have also worn
earrings in my pierced ears.

We kiss some more, nearly make love again, but we need to walk to the restaurant.

"We can make love again when we return. You know I want to? You know I wouldn't
dream of not making love with you again before this weekend almost—yet doesn't
ever—end?"

We both want to badly . . . We can't get enough of each other . . . One taste of Jesús,
and I'm hooked for life . . . I love guiding him inside me . . . I love holding his head while
his tongue goes everywhere on me, in me—want to hold Jesús there forever (and I do)—I
love touching him, kissing his balls, taking them into my mouth. I can't get enough of
him—and I've had the best sex with him ever! —ever! —love how it feels when I'm with
him that close, that intimate!

We walk to Vermilion. Sun is setting.

Starlight. Perfect starlight.

CALLALO

I attempt to count the stars. One Jesús, Two Jesús, Three Jesús—every light is him. Every attempt at scintillation. No sparkle, no illumination, including inside me, that is not Jesús.

We're seated. At first Jesús is across the table from me, but I tell him that I'd prefer that he sit beside me, so that we can be as intimate as appropriate for public—I'd just like to be able to hold his hand . . . I don't want him so far from me . . . Ever.

He suggests that I explain to the server that it's my last night with a lover, a boyfriend from whom I've been separated for twenty-five years, and that I'd like for him to be able to sit on the bench with me, and she might understand —(it helps, of course, that Jesús slips her a few dollars), but she agrees, and Jesús sits beside me. She even prevents other diners from taking the table that is beside ours, as there wouldn't be enough room otherwise.

We order drinks. I have white wine, Chardonnay. Jesús order a ginger pomegranate martini—very pink!—I love the color!—my white wine is good, but Jesús notices me admiring his martini, and he offers me a taste, and I'm glad to taste it!—mind you, I've never tasted hard liquor before, but I do like the taste of his martini, never mind the gin—I told him I'd never in my life tasted gin before—maybe he didn't believe me, but it's true—first taste ever was in Vermilion.

Last supper.

First and Last drink of gin.

He'd had half of the martini, but since I liked it, he gave it to me, took my Chardonnay, and ordered a martini of my own for me.

We ordered Sri Lankan whole fish and duck vindaloo arepas. Very tasty. We ate all of it, and even fed each other—easy to do, with both of us sitting on the bench.

Such great company.

Another couple came in, but the server wouldn't let them take that table next to ours—belonged to us also.

Now with that martini and a half, I was tipsy when we left—Jesús had to help me walk! I could barely do it. He soon saw that it was true that I'd never tasted gin!

Guess I did manage to sleep a little on Saturday night. We did kiss, but I was so out-of-sorts, and didn't really feel better in the morning. Jesús ordered room service, but I could only nibble on my egg-white omelette—I felt so sick, and didn't feel better until after a round of vomiting—not at all the way I wanted to finish my weekend with Jesús—but Jesús was most attentive once it was clear that I was really sick. He held me. I was dressed in only a robe after my shower.

I like ways in which he expresses concern . . . I like the ways that my MS didn't seem to be a problem for him . . . I like the ways he touches me . . .

—as when Jesús asks Dream Baby if she's ok.

Quite a simple asking: "U ok?"

But so different when Jesús does the asking.

His arms a cloak around me—just as his words are, a cloak out of his throat, dark that way and oh so soft.

—"yes, Jesús, I'm ok now that you've kissed me, I'm much better than ok."

I was fine after the vomiting, could even finish my egg-white omelette. Last breakfast of this never-ending weekend with Jesús and we kissed quite a bit until it was time to check out and go to the airport again. Another taxi. More kissing at the airport.

C A L L A L O O

At the airport itself, big hugs and kisses. That last kiss deserves to be written about, kiss all the way to the depths of me. The kiss that really changes me. The lingering of the lips, a resistance to pulling our lips apart, efforts to inhale the taste of those lips.

We head for our departures. Separate departures. Tine separation but ours have intertwined so deeply, so thoroughly, body and mind, that they can't be completely separated. I retain some of Jesús and Jesús retains tines of me, Bird of paradise tail tines, tassels of forever.

Saliva all super-glue.

"Call me, ok?"

"Of course."

Now we know even more about love, about sex, about each other, about poetry. Now we each take some of the love, some of that sex, some of that poetry, some of each other with us.

He sees me to my gate, and stays as long as he can. I watch Jesús walk away—and some of the memories he takes with him, and some of me, just as I take some of him with me, and wonder if room 304 in the Mandarin Moon will become some kind of shrine! It should!

I get to watch him walk away. I see him wave in the distance. I wave back. I knew we each had to go home, but I was dreading these departures. He's not going out of my life; he's a permanent part of it, and I'm still feeling orgasmic pangs. Makes me wonder what he did to me, what he's doing to me.

And I don't stop having orgasmic pangs until a couple of weeks after I return to Ypsilanti . . .

Feel them continuously while on the plane, love on top again and again and again . . . Hope I never stop feeling this . . . and just writing this, reading this, remembering this makes it all new again . . .

"Miss you Dream Baby!"

"Miss you too, Jesús"